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NO. 74

# *Real* **WESTERN HERO**

A Fawcett Publication



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# REAL WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

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•  
GABBY HAYES WESTERN

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IN THIS ISSUE:  
**HOPALONG CASSIDY**  
(STARRING WILLIAM BOYD)

in  
**"THE TWIN  
RIVER  
MASSACRE"**



★  
**MONTE HALE**  
in **"OUTLAW TOWN"**

★  
**GABBY HAYES** in  
**"POSSE PERIL"**

★  
**TOM MIX** and **"THE SON OF TONY"**

— PLUS —

**CHUNKS OF CHORTLES WITH  
THOSE WESTERN FUNMAKERS**

**CACTUS BRAIN  
LOCO LEW**

**LI'L BUCK**



**ADVENTURE**

WITH  
**YOUNG FALCON**  
and a startling  
**SHORT STORY**

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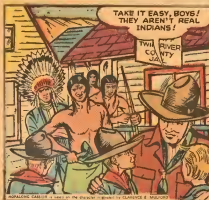
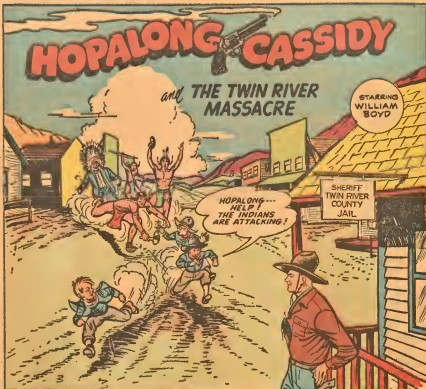
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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

## and THE TWIN RIVER MASSACRE

STARRING  
WILLIAM  
BOYD



THEY'RE JUST GETTING READY TO RE-ENACT THE BIRTH OF TWIN RIVER AT TONIGHT'S CELEBRATION!

THE BIRTH OF TWIN RIVER! GOSH, THAT MUST BE AN EXCITING STORY! TELL IT TO US, HOPALONG!



WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY! MANY YEARS AGO, I WAS MAKING A TRIP EAST WHEN...



"...THE STAGECOACH I WAS RIDING IN MADE A SUDDEN STOP..."

WHOA!



WHAT ARE WE STOPPING FOR, DRIVER?

I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER, MR. CASSIDY! THE WHOLE TOWN BELOW LOOKS FLOODED!



"SUDDENLY PEOPLE CAME RUSHING UP TO THE HILLS..."

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE WATER'S STILL RISING!



"FINALLY THE FLOOD SUBSIDED BUT..."

OUR LAND'S RUINED AND ALL OUR HOUSES AND POSSESSIONS HAVE BEEN WASHED AWAY! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT GO TO THE POORHOUSE!



EXCUSE ME FOR BUTTING IN, FOLKS, BUT DID YOU PEOPLE EVER THINK OF GOING OUT WEST? THE GOVERNMENT IS GIVING OUT LOTS OF LAND TO PEOPLE WHO ARE WILLING TO SETTLE IN NEW TERRITORY!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY GOOD IDEA! BUT THE WEST IS FULL OF INDIANS! WHOM WOULD WE GET TO LEAD US THROUGH SAFELY?

SHUCKS! THAR AIN'T A MAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD BETTER SUITED FER THAT JOB THAN THE ONE YO'RE LOOKING AT RIGHT NOW--- HOPALONG CASSIDY!

ALTHOUGH I HAD OTHER PLANS, I REALIZED THOSE POOR PEOPLE'S PLIGHT! SO I AGREED TO LEAD THEM OUT WEST!



"AND SOME TIME LATER..."

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO SETTLE, HOPALONG! THERE'S A RIVER ON EACH SIDE WHICH MEANS THAT THE LAND IS PRETTY FERTILE!

SINCE BOTH RIVERS LOOK SO MUCH ALIKE, I THINK WE OUGHT TO CALL OUR NEW TOWN, "TWIN RIVERS."



"EVERYONE PROCEEDED TO SET UP A TEMPORARY SHELTER UNTIL THEY COULD REALLY BUILD THEIR HOMES!"



"BUT AT THE SAME TIME, AT A CAMP OF OUTLAW INDIANS DOWN BELOW IN THE VALLEY..."

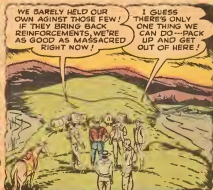
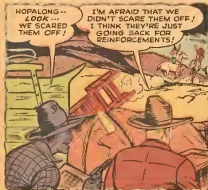
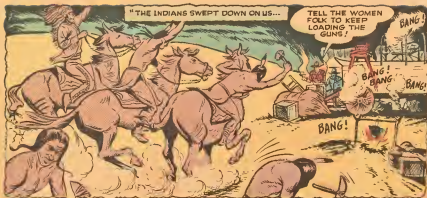
WHITE MAN COME TODAY! NO WANT THEM HERE! THEY MAY FIND OUT NOW WE KILL PEACEFUL TRIBES TO GET THIS LAND! UP TO US TO GET RID OF PALE-FACES, TOO!

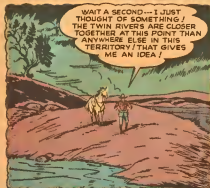


IF ATTACK THEM NOW, CATCH THEM OFF GUARD!

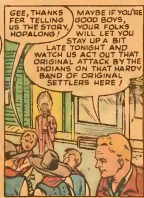
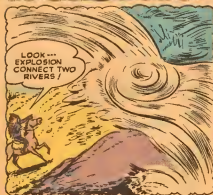
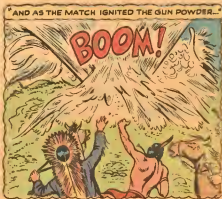
WE FOLLOW YOU, O GREAT RENEGADE!











**B**UT THE CITIZENS OF TWIN RIVER AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO REMEMBER THIS HISTORIC DAY! NEARBY, AT THE CAMP OF THE INDIAN OUTLAW RENEGADE...

TODAY INFAMOUS DAY TO OUR TRIBE! IT MARK ANNIVERSARY WHEN PALEFACES DROWN TRIBAL BROTHERS!

BUT AT LONG LAST WE FIND WAY TO AVENGE HONOR OF TRIBE!



TONIGHT PALEFACES DRESSING UP AS INDIANS TO ACT OUT ORIGINAL STORY! WE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT! LISTEN, I WILL EXPLAIN...



**T**HAT EVENING IN A BARN JUST OUTSIDE OF TWIN RIVER....

HURRY UP! FINISH PUTTING ON THAT INDIAN MAKE-UP! THE FESTIVITIES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN!

IT'S NICE OF RANCHER RANDALL TO LET US USE HIS BARN AS A DRESSING ROOM!



**B**UT AT THAT MOMENT...

(GULP!) LOOK--IT'S THAT OUTLAW TRIBE OF INDIANS!

WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A GUN TO DEFEND OURSELVES!



TIE THEM UP! THEN WE AND REST OF TRIBE WAITING OUTSIDE, TAKE THEIR PLACE IN FIESTA! BUT WE WILL MAKE REAL MASSACRE!

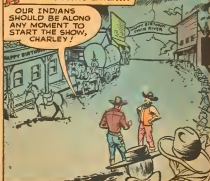


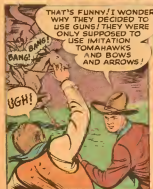
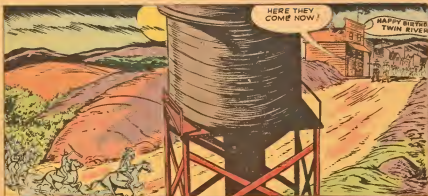
AFTER FINISH OFF ALL TWIN RIVER, COME BACK AND FINISH THESE PALEFACES, TOO!

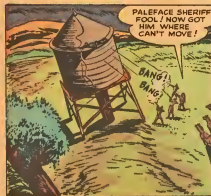


**A** FEW MOMENTS LATER...

OUR INDIANS SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MOMENT TO START THE SHOW, CHARLEY!









**B**UT HOPALONG KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DOING....



# LI'L BUCK

DESCRIPTIVE

WE WILL NOW HAVE OUR COMPOSITION CLASS.

I WANT ALL OF YOU TO WRITE A PARAGRAPH DESCRIBING MY HAT. START RIGHT NOW.

NOW DON'T FORGET... I WANT YOU TO DESCRIBE MY HAT AS ACCURATELY AS YOU CAN.

OH, MISS JENKINS?

YES, LI'L BUCK, WHAT IS IT?

PLEASE, MISS JENKINS, ARE THAR TWO B'S IN SHABBY?

???

CACTUS

BRAIN

"NOISY"

WATCH OUT FER THAT BANGTAIL, CACTUS BRAIN. SHE'S PURTY WILD!

THET DOESN'T BOTHER ME, BOSS.

HOLD ON, CACTUS BRAIN!

UGH!

(GROAN) OOOOH, MUH HEAD... IT'S RINGING SUMPTING AWFUL!

I HOPE THIS RINGING IN MUH HEAD ISN'T MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE FER YUH, BOSS!

RING!  
RING!  
RING!!

CONK!



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Just hang pedometer on belt or pocket . . . and hike. It'll keep track of every step you take! Lots of fun to watch!



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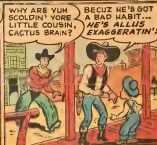
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OFFER EXPIRES FEB. 1, 1949



# LOCO LEW

"WAXES SILLY"





# REAL WESTERN HERO

ADVERTISEMENT

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DETECTIVE SAM SPADE AND HIS SECRETARY EFFIE VISIT A MOVIE SET JUST AS A WESTERN SHOOTING SCENE IS TAKING PLACE

HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT, MR. SPADE?

GEE, SAM--THESE ACTORS LOOK HANDSOME! BET THEY USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

## DUNHILL HARMONETTE'S Adventures of SAM SPADE

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SAM SPADE ASKS:

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?



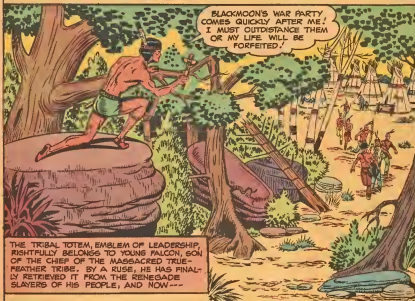
TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF, YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC--CONTAINS SOOTHING LAMOLIN.



EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, TOO! FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS YOU CAN'T BEAT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL! AND MOTHERS FIND IT'S WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.

# YOUNG FALCON <sup>in</sup> "CAPTIVE!"



THE TRIBAL TOTEM, EMBLEM OF LEADERSHIP, RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO YOUNG FALCON, SON OF THE CHIEF OF THE MASSACRED TRUE-FEATHER TRIBE. BY A RUSE, HE HAS FINALLY RETRIEVED IT FROM THE RENEGADE SLAYERS OF HIS PEOPLE, AND NOW---

I WILL SEIZE ONE OF THEIR HORSES. THEY WILL SURELY CAPTURE ME UNLESS I TAKE THEM UNAWARES.

NEARING THE HORSES, YOUNG FALCON MAKES HIS DASH INTO THE OPEN AND SELECTS A FAST MOUNT...

LOOK! THERE HE IS! AFTER HIM! YOUNG FALCON MUST NOT ESCAPE!

THEY SEE ME! BUT I WILL OUTDISTANCE THEM ON HORSE-BACK!

GIDDAP!



MOMENTS LATER, YOUNG FALCON THUNDERS  
ALONG A FOREST TRAIL---

I'LL LOSE THEM IN THIS FOREST TRAIL.  
BLACKMOON AND HIS WAR PARTY WILL NEVER  
CATCH ME! MY RIGHFUL TRIBAL TOTEM IS  
MINE AT LAST!



WHEN SUDDENLY---

WHOA! WHAT  
IS IT?

HELP!  
....HELP ME,  
PLEASE!



MY LEG,  
IT'S CRUSHED.  
I'M A TRAPPER...  
FELL FROM  
MY HORSE  
AND LANDED  
ON MY LEG.  
HORSE RAN  
AWAY.

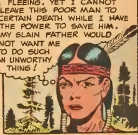
YOU CANNOT STAY  
HERE. A WAR  
PARTY COMES  
THIS WAY SOON!  
BLACKMOON WILL  
KILL YOU, SURELY!  
HE IS A MURDERER!

RECKON THEN  
MY NUMBER  
IS UP! I  
CAN'T TRAVEL  
THIS WAY--  
THEY'D BE  
SURE TO  
CATCH ME  
ANYWAY!

THIS POOR  
MAN WILL BE  
TORTURED AND  
THEN KILLED BY  
BLACKMOON AND  
HIS BRAVES! THEY  
WILL BE HERE  
ANY MINUTE  
NOW!

AS YOUNG FALCON STRUGGLES  
WITHIN HIMSELF, HE KNOWS  
HIS PURSUERS DRAW NEAR-  
ER BY THE SECOND!

I SHOULD BE ON MY HORSE,  
FLEEING. YET I CANNOT  
LEAVE THIS POOR MAN TO  
CERTAIN DEATH WHILE I HAVE  
THE POWER TO SAVE HIM.  
MY SLAIN FATHER WOULD  
NOT WANT ME  
TO DO SUCH  
AN UNWORTHY  
THING!



CAN YOU  
RIDE? I WILL  
GIVE YOU MY  
HORSE!

I RECKON I  
COULD HANG ON IF  
I GIT HELPED UP.



UP, THEN....  
THAT'S IT!

...EASY, NOW. LET ME  
GIT MY GOOD LEG  
OVER---THAR! I'LL STAY  
ON HIM.



TWO OF US WOULD SLOW THE HORSE TOO MUCH. THEY'D CATCH US BOTH. NOW QUICKLY....RIDE LIKE THE WIND.



SON... ..I'LL NEVER FORGOT YOU FER THIS!

AND AS THE THUNDERING HOOF OF THE WAR PARTY ARE HEARD, YOUNG FALCON SENDS AWAY HIS ONE CHANCE OF ESCAPE....

NOW, GO! MY FATHER, WOULD WANT ME TO DO THIS. HE ALWAYS SAID, NEVER BUILD YOUR LIFE ON THE BLOOD OF A HELPLESS, INNOCENT MAN!



THE OLD TRAPPER FADIES INTO THE WOODS, AND AS YOUNG FALCON TURNS---

THERE HE IS! HE HAS LOST THE HORSE! QUICK---- CATCH HIM!

SO! THE SCAVENGERS HAVE FINALLY GOTTEN HERE!



THIS TIME, WE WILL PLUCK YOUR WINGS FOREVER, YOUNG FALCON!

BLACK-HEARTED MURDERERS! I WILL NEVER BOW TO YOU!



TAKE YOUR LAST BREATH, YOUNG FALCON! YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE!



HELPLESSLY YOUNG FALCON FACES THE ARROW-HEADS THAT WILL BRING DEATH! CAN HE POSSIBLY CHEAT THE GRIM REAPER? OR HAS HIS VALIANT BATTLE COME TO AN END? YOUNG FALCON APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN REAL WESTERN HERO. ONLY 10¢.

BUT SOON AFTER, AT THE EDGE OF THE RENEGADE CAMP----

AND NOW, THE TRIBAL TOTEM IS OURS ONCE MORE AND YOU ARE ABOUT TO JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS! NEVER MORE WILL YOU PLAGUE US!



# REAL WESTERN HERO

ADVERTISEMENT



**HEY FELLOWS**  
**LIONEL TRAINS**  
*...out of this world!*

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Entire package only 25¢ to cover mailing and handling costs. Quantities limited, so please order early. It's a wonderful offer, boys!

REAL WESTERN HERO

# THE BARGAIN

A RED ROAN Story

By Dick Kraus



**T**HE DAY OF the big race broke bright and clear. For miles around, farmers and cattlemen drove their buckboards over jolting roads to Fargo Flats. A month before, Rob Raeburn, a young rancher from Fargo, had entered his stallion, Red Roan, in the feature mile race against Mace Barley's fleet racing horse, Whitefoot.

From that day on, men spoke of little else but the coming race, in Fargo Flats.

In the corralls and barns, in the hotel and assay office, they speculated about Raeburn's chances. They all knew the story of how the young rancher had gone hunting for a grizzly that had been killing his steers and how he had been saved from death at the hands of the bear by the wild stallion that was known as Red Roan. They remembered, too, how the strawberry horse's foreleg had been ripped by the bear, and how Raeburn had taken him home and nursed him back to health.

Standing in front of a main street hitching post, several cowboys watched the crowd pour in.

"They say that big red hoss is a mighty fast cayuse," one of the cowmen said. "But he'll have to be to keep within snortin' distance o' Mace Barley's hoss!"

"Ain't it th' truth," a husky bystander agreed. "Why, Barley's Whitefoot has licked ev'ry other racin' hoss around these parts for th' last five years. Cain't nobody beat him!"

"Rob Raeburn must think his can," a third man spoke up. "Or he wouldn't have entered his hoss against him. Nobody else even bothered to put a hoss in the race. They know when they're outclassed. Why throw away an entry fee."

"But Rob Raeburn has a darn good reason for risking his entry fee," put in another puncher. "He's got a big mortgage on his spread and if he doesn't pay it off by the end of the week, he can pack up and leave. That grizzly put a big hole in his

stock and he can use the fat purse that's up for winning the race."

"Well, here's one waddie that'll be rooting him home. It's about time somebody knocked that bragging Barley down a few pegs. Let's get over to the track."

That was the way it stood. As hundreds of ranchers and their families crowded along the race course that had been laid out on a level stretch outside of town, Rob Raeburn stroked the trembling, velvety ear of his great mount.

Resting his head close to the big horse's ear, Raeburn spoke softly.

"I know you can do it, Red Roan! We'll take that bluffing Mace down a peg. And with the money we'll win, we'll be able to pay off the mortgage on the ranch and then some. I'm riding you and we'll win, boy! Just remember that!"

That was another reason the crowd had for doubting that the roan horse could beat Barley's big, white-legged chestnut. Since Raeburn was the only man whom Red Roan would permit to mount him, he was going to be his jockey. But Barley had picked one of his cowhands, a wiry little man named Creel, to straddle his horse. The weight advantage was all in Barley's favor!

**A**S the two horses and their riders waited at the starting line, the crowd suddenly hushed. Raeburn bent over Red Roan's neck, speaking soothingly to him. Barley, smoking a big cigar, gave last minute instructions to Creel.

Then the judge stepped forward. He nodded at Rob Raeburn and his opponent and slowly raised his Colt revolver. "Now remember, I'll count three, an' then fire this. If either hoss starts ahead of the other, I'll call you both back—if it's before th' gun goes off!"

He stepped back, raising the gun.

"One! Two! Three!"

With a puff of white smoke, the noise

of the revolver shattered the prairie air.

Accustomed to racing, the big chestnut, Whitefoot, lunged into a fast start, speeding away. But Red Roan, startled by the sound, and the smell of gunpowder, bucked, unwilling to go forward. Holding his seat, Rob Raeburn spoke quietly and urgently.

"Steady, Red, steady! Let's ride—now!"

The big red horse sprang into action, hurtling forward with great, ground-covering strides. The crowd roared. Red Roan was thirty yards behind the other horse, but with Raeburn bent over his neck, he was coming up fast.

Looking back, little Creel grunted angrily, and dug sharp spurs into his mount's sides. Propelled by powerful, steel-springed legs, the chestnut increased his pace, until he was galloping with the speed of a deer. It was not for nothing that he had beaten every other horse in the territory! Whitefoot came off fine, Arabian racing stock. In any part of the country, on any race track, he would have been an outstanding entry.

**B**UT, head thrust forward, ears flattened back, long legs working like pistons, Red Roan would not be denied.

Slowly, yard by yard, he began to come up to the other horse. As they approached the tall pine tree that marked the turning point of the course, Creel realized that he was being overtaken from behind. With a sudden, unexpected move, as both horses were streaking around the turn, he yanked hard on Whitefoot's reins.

The startled chestnut pulled sharply to the side, his shoulder slamming into Red Roan.

The strawberry stallion stumbled, breaking stride. In that single, terrifying moment, Red Roan felt a stabbing pain shoot through his leg—the same leg that had been so badly wounded by the grizzly, and that had so recently healed.

Rob Raeburn felt the horse shudder and lurch beneath him—and he knew what the reason was.

"Is it the leg, boy?" He did not hit or spur the horse. He did not urge him forward.

"If it hurts too much, quit! But if you can, let's see if we can catch him!"

Certainly, Red Roan could not understand the words. But he caught something in the tone, knew that it was terribly important to the man who had healed his leg, that he keep going, that he catch the other horse.

Valiantly, though his leg throbbed

mightily, Red Roan sped into full stride again. It was as if he was out on the prairie again, wild and free, leading his herd. Was he not king of the wild horses? No tame mount could defeat him! His mighty hooves thundered and he came down the stretch like a meteor. The crowd roared, for as he stumbled it had seemed impossible for him ever to recover his stride at all.

But now he was scant yards away from Whitefoot. His scarlet hide glossy, and tail and mane floating in the air, he was soon abreast of him. As the finish line loomed up, he heaved ahead with a mighty effort that made him the winner, barely a head in front of the other horse. The crowd's roar swelled into a great acclaim for the most thrilling race, and the finest horse they had ever seen.

As Rob Raeburn stood by the trembling Red Roan caressing him, up walked Mace Barley. His face was a study in disappointment and perplexity. At last he spoke.

"You won fair an' square, Raeburn," he said. "I'm sorry my jockey jostled you!"

Raeburn nodded and shook his hand hard.

"Thanks, Mace. It might have been an accident."

But Barley did not walk away. "Listen to me," he said. "I want that hoss of your's, for myself! I'll give you \$5,000 fer him!"

Rob Raeburn shook his head. "No!"

"Well, I'll go \$7,500." He waited. "\$10,000!"

The young rancher smiled.

"I reckon I better tell you the truth, Mace," he said. "When I found Red Roan—when he saved my life and got badly hurt doing it, I made a bargain with him. The bargain was that I'd take care of him till his leg was better, and that then I'd let him go free again!"

"Go free ag'in?" The big rancher shook his head unbelievably. "But you could take him East an' race him fer a pile o' greenbacks. He's worth a fortune!"

**"I KNOW."** The young man's face grew suddenly serious. "But we've got a bargain, the two of us." He looked up at the great red horse, and his eyes softened. "He saved my life and my ranch. Tonight, I'm letting him go. Mebbe—mebbe some day, we'll see each other again."

THE END

*RED ROAN gallops to adventure on the western plains in every issue of REAL WESTERN HERO!*

# MONTE HALE

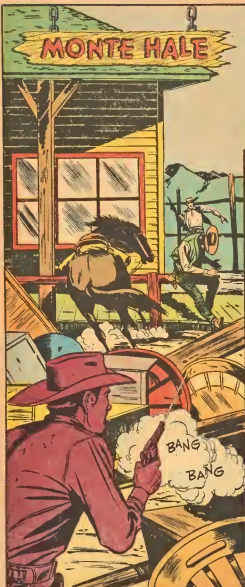
Judge Proctor ruled the town with an iron hand, and his word was law! But his was the strangest law-making that the Old West ever saw, and Monte Hale challenged it with blazing six-guns that spelled out the true meaning of justice to the inhabitants of

## Outlaw Town

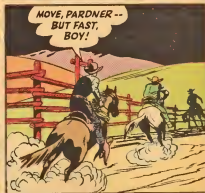
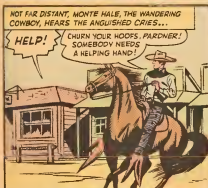
OUR STORY OPENS WITH THE BLASTING REPORTS OF THIS GUN---

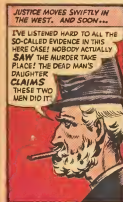
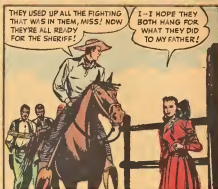


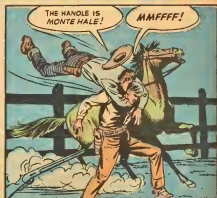
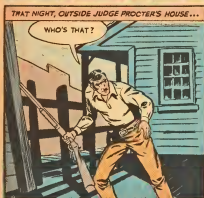
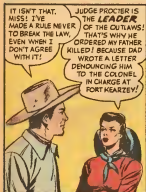
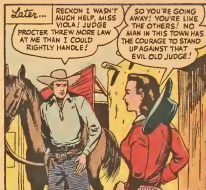
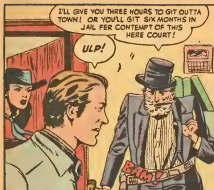
--AND ITS UNDEFENDED VICTIM!

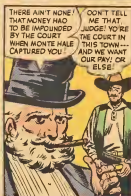
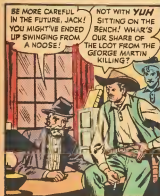
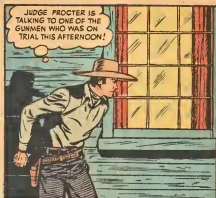












MONTE HALE KNOWS TOO MUCH TO LIVE! A TROOP OF FEDERAL CAVALRY IS DUE INTO TOWN TOMORROW! THEY'RE COMING TO INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES GEORGE MARTIN MADE AGAINST ME!



BUT WE'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT! THAT NOTORIOUS BANDIT AND OUTLAW, MONTE HALE, IS GONNA AMBUSH THE TROOP JUST AS THEY GO BY HANGING ROCK!



AS THE FIRST GREY OF DAWN LIGHTS THE TOWN STREETS...

THERE GOES JUDGE PROCTER AND HIS MEN! THEY'VE CAPTURED MONTE!



I GOT HIM INTO THIS! I CAN'T LET HIM BE KILLED!



I'LL FOLLOW THEM AT A SAFE DISTANCE! THERE **MUST** BE SOMETHING I CAN DO!



A FEW MILES DISTANT, AT HANGING ROCK ...

WHAT ARE YOU AIMING TO DO, JUDGE?

YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL THIS HANGING ROCK?



IT'S BEEN HANGING OVER THE CANYON AT THAT ANGLE FOR FIFTY YEARS! IT WON'T TAKE MUCH OF A PUSH TO START IT CRASHING DOWN!



PRETTY SOON THE TROOP OF FEDERAL CAVALRY WILL START THROUGH THE CANYON! THEY'LL RUN STRAIGHT INTO AN AMBUSH! AND YOU'LL BE THE ONE THEY THINK DID IT, MONTE HALE, WHEN THEY FIND YORE BULLET-RIDDLED BODY!



SOON THE TROOP OF CAVALRY RIDES INTO THE TRAP!



HERE THEY COME! PUSH IT DOWN ON THEM!

DON'T TOUCH THAT ROCK! I'LL KILL THE FIRST MAN THAT MOVES!



AS THE OUTLAWS PREPARE TO PUSH THE STONE, A GIRL'S VOICE BARKS A TERSE ORDER!

MISS VIOLA ARRIVES IN TIME TO GET THE DROP ON THE JUDGE AND HIS GANG!



I'LL HAVE YORE HANDS UNTIED IN A SECOND, MONTE!

MISS VIOLA! YOU'RE LIKE AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN!

SWIFT AS A STRIKING ADDER, JUDGE PROCTER DRAWS!



NO GAL'S GONNA GIT THE BEST OF ME!

BUT WITH INIMITABLE SPEED, MONTE ACTS...



DOWN!

BANG



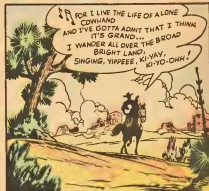
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW IT'S MY TURN, JUDGE!

ULP!

AAGH! HE SHOT MUH HANO!

BANG

BA



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF REAL WESTERN HERO, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1948

State of Connecticut 1 ss.  
County of Fairfield 1 ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of REAL WESTERN HERO, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 327, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Mercedes Shull, Seaside, N. Y.; Managing Editor Ralph Deigh Pelham Manor N. Y. Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2 That the owner is: (a) owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given: Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett & Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. P. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. King, Oxford, Cal.; Gloria Leary Oxford, Cal.; V. F. Kerr Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Rogers Seattle, Wash. Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are, all there are none, so state: None

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation, the name of the person or corporation to whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing a full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and thus affirm has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5 That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is:

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT, Business Manager.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1948.

(2a) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY, Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 3, 1952.)

# GABBY HAYES



**A**T THE BAR O RANCH, AUNT HESTER SENDS GABBY HAYES ON AN ERRAND, MUCH TO HIS DISGUST.

RIDE TO TOWN AND GIT ME SOME GROCERIES, GABBY!

LISTEN HERE, HESTER! THAT'S AN INSULT! I'M NO GOLD-DURNED ERRAND BOY! I'M TOO IMPORTANT ON THIS RANCH!

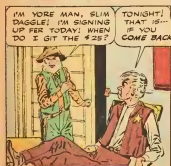
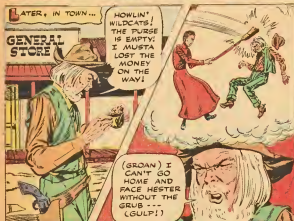
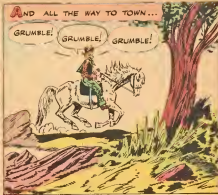
NO GROCERIES--- NO SUPPER TONIGHT! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

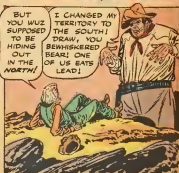
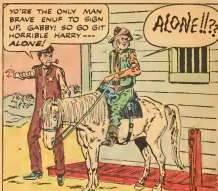
YOU WIN, DANG IT! KNEEL, CORKER!



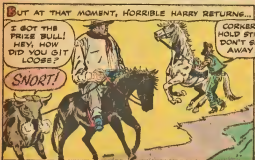
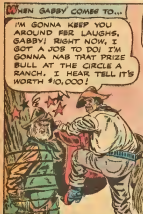
**C**ORKER IS THE ONLY HORSE KNOWN THAT KNEELS FOR HIS MASTER TO MOUNT!

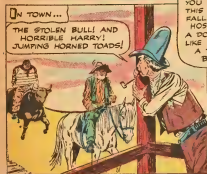
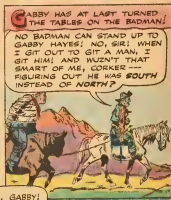
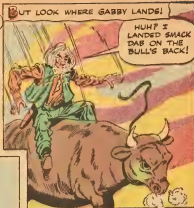
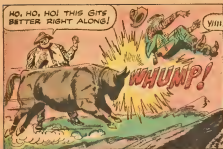


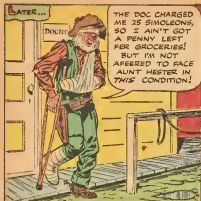












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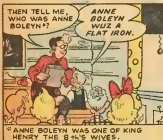
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# LI'L BUCK

IRONED OUT!



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## ADVENTURES OF NIP & TUCK

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# TOM MIX

and  
the

## SON OF TONY



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER,  
WASH?

LOOK, TOM--THERE'S  
A BIG FIRE OVER AT  
POP ROGAN'S RANCH!  
IF IT ISN'T PUT OUT  
SOON, IT'S LIABLE  
TO SPREAD HERE!



ROUND UP SOME MEN  
TO FORM A BUCKET  
BRIGADE! MEANWHILE,  
I'LL RIDE OVER AND  
SEE WHAT I  
CAN DO!

RIGHT,  
BOSS!



AS TOM RIDES UP TO  
THE ROGAN RANCH...

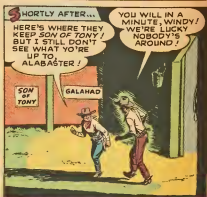
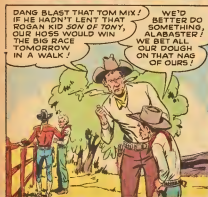
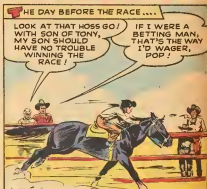
WHAT'S YOUNG ROGAN  
UP TO? IT LOOKS AS  
IF HE WANTS TO DASH  
INTO THE BURNING  
HOUSE!

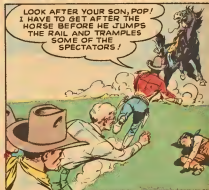
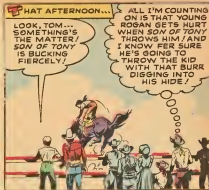
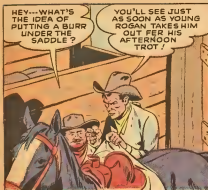


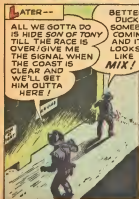
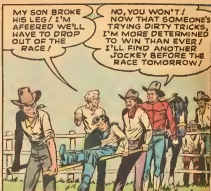
HOLD ON! WHAT  
ARE YOU TRYING  
TO DO... COMMIT  
SUICIDE?













YOU SURE KNOCKED HIM OUT, ALABASTER!  
NOW LET'S GIT SON OF TONY AND BEAT IT AFORE HE COMES TO!

I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER IDEA NOW! IF WE GIT RID OF MIX, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GIT A NEW JOCKEY AFORE THE RACE STARTS!



I'LL SLING HIM ACROSS HIS OWN HOSS! THEN WE'LL FIND SOME PLACE TO HIDE HIM!



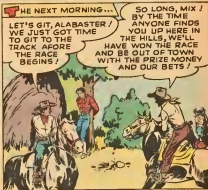
NO DOUBT YOU'RE THE SAME VARMINTS WHO PUT THE BURR UNDER SON OF TONY'S SADDLE?

THAT'S RIGHT, MIX! WE BET ALL OUR SILVER ON OUR HOSS TO WIN THE BIG RACE AND WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SURE WE WIN!



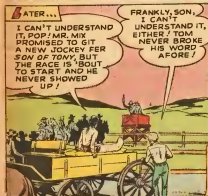
THE ONLY HOSS WE WUZ AFERRED OF WUZ SON OF TONY! WITH YOUNG ROGAN HURT AND YOU OUTTA THE WAY, THAR'LL BE NOBODY TO GIT A NEW JOCKEY!

WE'LL JUST SIT WITH YOU MIX, TILL RACE TIME TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GIT AWAY!



THE NEXT MORNING... LET'S GIT, ALABASTER! WE JUST GOT TIME TO GIT TO THE TRACK AFORE THE RACE BEGINS!

SO LONG, MIX! BY THE TIME ANYONE FINDS YOU UP HERE IN THE HILLS, WE'LL HAVE WON THE RACE AND BE OUT OF TOWN WITH THE PRIZE MONEY AND OUR BETS!

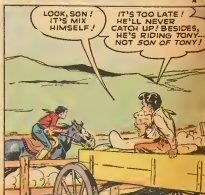
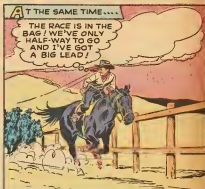
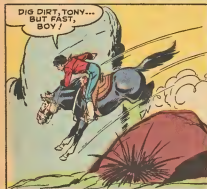


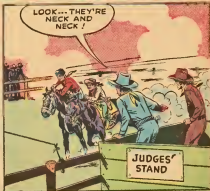
LATER... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, POP! MR. MIX PROMISED TO GIT A NEW JOCKEY FER SON OF TONY, BUT THE RACE IS 'BOUT TO START AND HE NEVER SHOWED UP!

FRANKLY, SON, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, EITHER! TOM NEVER BROKE HIS WORD AFORE!



THEY'RE OFF! WITH MIX OUT OF THE WAY, WINDY'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE BRINGING HOME OUR HOSS!







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MONEY  
WE TRUST  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY IN PENCIL

AMAZING BARGAINS

# Ladies' & Men's Engagement, Wedding, Friendship Rings

YOUR CHOICE

**\$1.94**



17. Men's Ring—2 sparkling simulated diamonds and ruby in center. Yellow gold color effect.



66. Men's Ring—simulated diamond—smaller stone on each side. White or yellow gold color effect.



73. Ladies' Cameo Ring. Yellow gold color effect.



61. Ladies' Eng. Ring—5 large brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect.



23. Ladies' Eng. Ring—exceptionally brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



10. Child's Signet Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect or sterling silver.



7. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver with 2 heart-shaped design.



43. Ladies' Wedding Band. 2 large brilliant simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver.



4. Friendship Ring—solid sterling silver. Sweet popular sweetheart design.



24. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver. Beautifully engraved. Also used as wedding ring.



37. Love & Friendship Ring. Chased design—also used as wedding ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



48. Wedding Band with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver.



41. Ladies' Love Ring with large center simulated diamond and 4 smaller stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



65. Extra Large Ring. Yellow gold color effect. Large simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



69. Men's Ring—large simulated Ruby, also is assorted colored stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



26. Men's Ring—large simulated diamond. White or yellow gold color effect (in use stone).



75. Men's Ring—sparkling simulated diamond. White or yellow gold color effect (in use stone).



44. Ladies' Ring—3 sparkling simulated diamonds. White gold color effect.



39. Ladies' Ring—large simulated diamond. White gold color effect.



53. Egyptian Ring—camel design. Very solid.



33. Large Ladies' Ring. Simulated diamond—2 smaller side stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



58. Ladies' Head Ring—stamped in gold leaf.



20. Ladies' Engagement Ring—5 brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect.



18. Ladies' Birthstone Ring. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver. Give month of birth for proper stone color.



67. Men's Ring—large simulated diamond. White gold color effect.



57. Hand Carved Ring—Indian Nut.



60. Ladies' Engagement Ring—large center simulated diamond and small stones on sides. Yellow gold color effect.



18. Ladies' Birthstone Ring. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver. Give month of birth for proper stone color.



67. Men's Ring—large simulated diamond. White gold color effect.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



30. Ladies' Birthstone Ring—imitation stones come in all colors. Sterling silver mounting. (Stamped in Ring) State color or stone desired.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



71. Ladies' Engagement Ring—yellow gold color effect. Large single stone.



76. Ladies' Ring—yellow gold color effect. (Punch Design) Large single stone.



76. Ladies' Ring—yellow gold color effect. (Punch Design) Large single stone.



76. Ladies' Ring—yellow gold color effect. (Punch Design) Large single stone.



72. Men's Large Ring—black & white or brown & white. Large, brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



72. Men's Large Ring—black & white or brown & white. Large, brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



72. Men's Large Ring—black & white or brown & white. Large, brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



22. Ladies' Solitaire Ring—large brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



22. Ladies' Solitaire Ring—large brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



22. Ladies' Solitaire Ring—large brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.

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**HAREM CO. (House of Rings)**

30 Church St., Dept. T-601, New York 7, N. Y.



ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

# THE TEEN TITANS

titanfan scan  
d miles edit



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